

# IN WOMAN'S REALM

## Sympathy, Not Sermons

(Memphis Commercial Appeal.)

"Because strait is the gait and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life few there be that find it."

How true this is today. How true it was even in the days of Eden, the very dawn of the world.

Human flesh is weak. There are none so strong, so perfect that they may not err. For this reason we should extend a helping hand to those who have sinned. We should help them with the strength of human sympathy. We should guide them, not preach.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." The words echo down through ages.

The sermon on the Mount rings sweetly in the ears of all who are trying to do the Master's bidding.

"For with what judgment ye judge," come softly the words of St. Matthew, "ye shall be judged, and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured again."

Did you ever look into the haunted eyes of the wrongdoer, gazed up into the hardened but pathetic face or casually glance at the wan and woe-borne countenance of the fallen brother or the fallen sister and realize that it is sympathy they want, not sermons? Sympathy will moisten the hardest heart. Sermons, too frequently, fall upon closed ears.

The man or woman who has slipped in the narrow path, who has missed the gate in the narrow way, now and understand and suffer because of the misdirected step. When once they fall it does not mean that they are destined to perdition. A kindly word, a thoughtful look, a human touch, a soft spoken word may save a soul.

Those who sin expect a sermon they look for a lecture. They want kindly word. They hunger for sympathy.

We learn this lesson with the very beginning of life. As a child when we are wrong in our very innocence we now it. The wise mother will take her little one to her knee and with tender but grave loving mother dignity will reprove, will tell of the wrongdoing and with a kindly stroke of the air and a gentle word of reproof, sufficed with sympathy which wells ring her little truant back into the fold.

Young lives have been crushed with

harsh words. Young hearts have been hardened by the severe sermons of the nursery.

When Christ dragged His rugged cross to the top of Calvary in His heart was a prayer for His fellowmen but His soul longed for sympathy, that word of sympathy which gives the body fortitude to withstand the vicissitudes and tragedies of adversity.

We of churchly faith, yet wise in the ways of the world, are too wont to say in the words of Cain, "I am not my brother's keeper."

It is a complaisant thought to sit with pious dignity in a cushioned pew and gaze through stained glass windows into God's eternity and fell at peace.

But how many can do this? How many can really understand and appreciate the word of those reverent men of the cloth who labor in the Lord's vineyard.

How much better we feel when we realize what a word of sympathy will accomplish when given to the unfortunate on the street corner and in the lanes and alleys of life.

There are in this world men whose hearts rattle in their narrow breasts like dried peas in a pod, whose wise words and hypocritical advice fall like drops of water on a duck's back.

There is the tear of the crocodile in their eye, and while profuse in their words of wisdom, there is not a note of sympathy in their voice, no warmth of love in their soul. Their words of sympathy to the recipient come like stones to the starving man.

There must be that secret undercurrent of kindness in all expressions of sympathy.

"It is the secret sympathy, the silver link, the silken tie which heart to heart and mind to mind in body and soul can blend."

And again the words from St. Matthew echo down through the corridors of time, "Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote of thy brother's eye."

It was that sweet singer of songs of the heart, Phoebe Carey, who wrote:

"It is not well  
Here in this land of Christian liberty,  
That honest worth or hopeless want  
Should dwell

Unaided by our care and sympathy."

## Pineapple Recipes

**Canned Pineapple.**—Peel and cut off an inch thick to make six pounds of pineapple. Make a syrup with two pounds of sugar and one quart of water; boil five minutes, add the fruit and let boil slowly till tender, then it in jars.—Mrs. Holdredge.

**Pineapples Preserves.**—Cut fruit in slices, halves or quarters. To each pound of fruit add a cup of water, put in a granite kettle, cover and boil slowly until tender and clear. Then take from water, in a dish. Add to the water, sugar, pound for pound, till all is dissolved, put in pineapple, cover kettle, and let boil slowly until transparent, then take out fruit and put in glass jars. Let the syrup cook till thick and rich, then pour over fruit.—Mrs. Holdredge.

**Pineapple Marmalade.**—To one pound of grated pineapple allow one-half pound of sugar. Scatter sugar over fruit and let stand three hours, then put on stove and let simmer slowly one hour; then put in air-tight jars.—Mrs. Holdredge.

**Simple Marmalade.**—Peel apples and cut in small pieces and put through a food chopper. Add twice the amount of water that you have fruit. Let stand till next day and then boil five minutes; add as much sugar as you have fruit, let stand for another twenty-four hours. Then cook slowly two hours and fill glasses.—Mrs. Holdredge.

**Pineapple Marmalade with Pears.**—One peck of Le Conte or Keiffer pears, two large pineapples, two quarts of sugar. Peel the fruit and put through coarse food chopper. Add the sugar and boil until clear. Seal in well-sterilized jars.—Effe Stone Rolfs.

**Pineapple Jelly.**—Owing to the absence of Pectine, the principle that makes other fruits jelly, one cannot make a jelly from pineapples, and the nearest thing to it is made as follows: Peel and grate fine; allow 1 pound of sugar to a pound of the fruit, and let stand over night. Cook half an hour and run through a sieve. Return to a preserving kettle and simmer, stir almost constantly for half an hour or more until the result is a clear amber-colored paste that will be firm when cool. Pack in small glasses.

There was a two-legged thing that stood upright and wore a little mustache and a man's bathing suit at Lanark last Sunday, who stuck a thermometer around in the water to get the temperature before it would go in beyond its waist line. And they let it live.—Tallahassee Record.

## DANCING FROCKS

for young and old from the simplest to the most elaborate will be found in

Pictorial Review Patterns



OCTOBER STYLES  
and the  
FALL FASHION BOOK  
now on sale

## The Modern Girl

Every woman should know how to sew. There is a mistaken notion in masculine minds that every woman does know how to sew. But this is by no means a general ruling. There are quite a number of the fair sex who have no skill whatever with needle and thread and are quite unable to mend, much less to make, their own attire.

When the first movements were made toward the higher education of women the movements which originated in the important women's colleges and educational centers of today, the effort to improve feminine education and raise it above the mediocre instruction of early days went to the other extreme and Greek and Latin and mathematics completely usurped the place of the domestic arts.

Dress making and housecraft in all its branches had no place in the curriculum of the modern college girl and the young girl who came back from her finishing school might be very learned in literature and the sciences but was very little use when it came to sewing and dusting and the many duties of ordinary home life.

Now the pendulum is swinging back again and one is glad to see that even the most advanced of girl's schools include housewifery and other useful accomplishments in their list of subjects. It is perfectly easy to be studious and thoroughly well educated, to have a good working knowledge of the arts and sciences, to know languages and history and yet be able to handle an eedle and cook a dinner.

So many quite young girls are inclined to think this is impossible. They feel that floury hands and an intimate acquaintance with a dustpan and brush are things to be avoided. A time comes now and again in the life of nearly every woman which demands the performance of these simple duties and the girl who is totally unprepared for such emergencies may find herself in a sorry plight indeed.

A girl will not be wearied with needlework if her handiwork produces a new and dainty gown for her own adornment and cutting out, tacking and stitching are double in interest when the completed garment will be something to be proud of.—Times-Union.

## THE AMERICAN BOY

You just cannot beat him—the American boy. He is in a class by himself. His inventive instincts are keen. He has incipient ideas that, when developed, give the world many of its most useful inventions.

The American boy is the author of slang expressions that have since their creation become recognized English words.

The American boy may be filled with mischief, he may be inclined at times to violate parental discipline, but beneath his skin of tan he has a heart filled with love and sympathy.

The present strike among the employees of the various city ice plants has developed that latent inventive genius that lurks somewhere in the system of all American boys.

In the eastern suburbs near the distributing station of one of the local ice companies, at the intersection of South Cooper street and Central avenue, there lives a boy who will some day make a mark in life.

Shortly after 6 o'clock on Monday morning one of the neighbors was aroused. At his door stood a youth not more than eight years of age. He was shoeless and hatless. He was so frocked that the sight of his skin was almost lost. His head looked like a beet, it was so red.

"Can I haul some ice for you?" he asked with a seductive smile and a twinkle in his eye.

The lad said he could and would haul any amount of ice and explained that he usually received five cents for the haul of ever 50 pounds.

But, as Kipling would say, that is another story. The real significance of the situation lay in his methods for distributing ice.

He had used his own and his smaller brothers roller skates. In order not to injure the skates he had wired a strip of wood to each. From these two runners strips of wood were screwed across about two feet apart. On this framework he had dug up from the family waste heap an old trunk which was securely attached.

He explained that he could haul 500 pounds of ice. And here again is where the ingenuity of the American youth is shown. From the Cooper street distributing station to his point of delivery, with one exception, is down grade. With his trunk once

## DRIVES 12 MILES FOR MORE TANLAC

Had Rheumatism So Bad He Could Not Walk—He Has Thrown His Crutch and Cane Away and is Now Able to Work

"When I found out I had only about two more doses of Tanlac left in my bottles, I hooked up the horse and drove twelve miles to Columbus to get more," said A. J. Hern, the oldest farmer in Lee county, Alabama, just across the border line from Columbus, Georgia.

"Wrap me up two more bottles of that Tanlac," continued Mr. Hern at the City Drug Store, "as I can't come back for a couple of weeks more and I don't want to run out, and ain't ging to run out."

"I am past 87 years of age and about four years ago my stomach got out of sorts and I could hardly eat anything. Then rheumatism set up and got me down so I was no use to myself or anybody else. My whole right side seemed to ache all over. My right leg, arm and shoulder was numb and that leg got so drawn up and stiff I could not walk."

"I could not get to my chair unless someone almost carried me. My blood didn't seem to circulate and I had to be rubbed with liniments, but that didn't seem to do me very much good. I could eat very little; in fact, I had no appetite and I was losing my strength all the time."

"Whenever I would eat anything, no matter how little, I would have gas on my stomach which made me short of breath. I was dizzy-headed and was afraid to try to get up for fear of falling."

"As several of my neighbors were taking this Tanlac I made up my mind to take it, too, so here I am, able to come to town, and Tanlac is what did it. I know this because I have not taken anything else. I can get about now as good as I did ten years ago, and have only taken one bottle."

"My appetite has come back and I now eat anything I want. I don't have that gas on my stomach any more, and I don't have any shortness of breath. I ain't constipated like I was, and I sleep good; in fact, I don't want to do anything now but sleep and eat."

"I feel so much better that I can do a good day's work now. Those rheumatic pains have about left me, and you see I have come to town without any crutch or cane, because I don't need 'em now. As I told you before, I had no business in Columbus except to get this Tanlac. It was a long drive, but I feel like by the time I take these two bottles I won't have a pain or an ache of any kind."

"I was never much on taking any kind of medicine, because nothing I ever took did me any good. This Tanlac reminds me much of the medicine my old grandmother used to make, because it hits the spot and is not long about it. It just braced me right up, seemed to soothe my stomach and to put my blood in good order. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars a bottle for these two bottles, if I felt like I could not get any more. Tell Mr. Cooper to keep on making it, as it is a God-send to the sick."

Tanlac is sold exclusively in Lakeland by Henley & Henley; in Fort Meade by Varn's Pharmacy; in Lake Wales by M. R. Anderson; in Bartow by Bartow Drug Company; in Homeland by J. L. Langham & Son, in Haines City by Haines City Pharmacy, and in Winter Haven by the Anderson Drug Co.

loaded in shipments of ice varying from 25 to 50 pounds he starts his delivery wagon up the incline until he reaches the top, then sits complacently on his ice and coast down the asphalt until he reaches Linden avenue, which is only one block from Union avenue, and it is this particular neighborhood that most of his customers live.

Here is a red-headed, freckled-face, barefooted boy with ingenuity enough, energy enough and perseverance enough to buck up against organized labor and to supply his customers with ice cheaper than they have been paying for it from the regular wagons. boy. You can't outwit the American boy. Such a thing is simply impossible.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

## L. W. Yarnall

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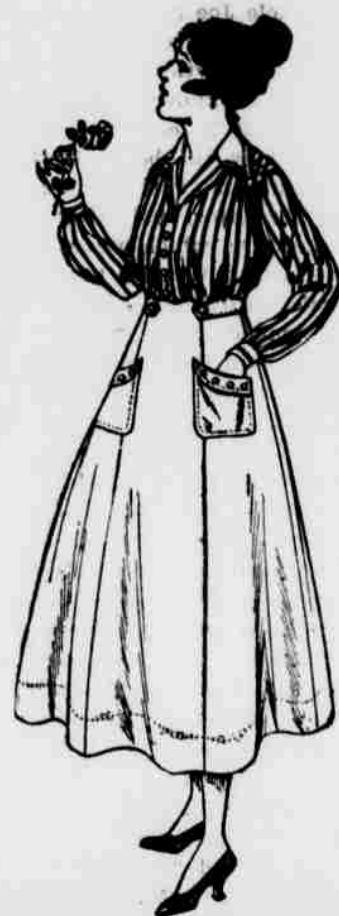
Orders handled promptly.

## Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Specially for This Newspaper  
By Pictorial Review



## Skirt To Wear With Blazer Waists.



A smart waist and the proper skirt to wear with it, blazer striped lawn and cotton gabardine being used, respectively. Buttons trim the skirt.

For wear with the blazer striped waists so fashionable just now, there must be the proper skirt—one that is



simple in line and hangs well, for elaborate skirts with gay waists are not a happy combination. With patience and painstaking, the cleverest of the high-priced designers can be copied at home.

Pictorial Review Waist No. 6552. Sizes, 34 to 48 inches bust. Price, 15 cents.  
Skirt No. 6817. Sizes, 24 to 40 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

## BREAKFAST TABLE TALK

Son—Hey, shoot the juice.  
Father—Cut out that slang, please.

Mother—That's a peach of a way to correct the kid.  
Father—I only wanted to put him wise. Such talk will queer him.  
Son—Iskhabibble.—Ex.

## STETSON-BONAN-KNOX

## Felt Hats For Fall

The comfortable soft Hats in many shapes and styles, which are so popular for early fall wear, have just come in from New York.

We have your size and the style you like best at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$5.

Also a large line of Caps in the latest shapes at 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

## The Hub

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The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothing

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